

Harley Quinn: Vengeance

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Summary: In an alternate DC universe. Harley Quinn is viciously tortured to insanity by the Joker. When she recovers, she finds that she no longer loves him - instead, she is filled with a deep hatred of him. Determined to end the man's life, Harley sets out on a journey.

Harley Quinn: Vengeance

A/N: This is a short story that I have been working on for a while. It follows the story of a broken Harley Quinn, who after being tortured to near insanity by the Joker, recovers - and with a vengeance. Now, she plans to kill him. I hope you enjoy! This is the first chapter.

'It's a nice night, isn't it?'

Harley Quinn looked down from her position on the gate top, overlooking the dark parking lot. One of the henchmen, a nameless goon among dozens standing around near the gate, looked up at her, waiting for a response.'

'It's fine. Bright moon. So fucking what?' she said. The goon dropped his head, ashamed that his attempt at conversation had been so brutally rebuffed. Something in Harley twitched. The old her, the pre-breakdown her, she would've shot the goon through the head. The old Harley had been completely loyal to her Mister J. But the new Harley was different.

'Sorry,' she said. 'I'm a little tense'. And she was. Tonight was the night that all her work had accumulated into. All the effort she had made to rebuild her mind after her disaster would be ruined if she fucked up tonight.

'Harley. It's time.' Another voice broke through the quiet murmur of the goons. She turned to acknowledge the speaker.

'Is it?'

'Yes.' The man looked her straight in the eye, although Harley couldn't exactly tell due to the black and orange mask that obscured the man's face.

'Well then.' Harley stood, balancing precariously on the thin metal bars of the gate, and produced a megaphone from somewhere on her combat kit.

'Everyone listen!' yelled Harley. The chatter of the goons became instantly silent, as the many men craned their heads to look up at Harley.

'This is a big night for me,' said Harley. 'You all know it's been tough these last two years.' She looked down, observing the mass of men completely loyal to her, listening to her every word. She trusted them all, having handpicked them all specifically for this mission.

'One man has ruined all of us,' she continued. 'Every single one of us, he has caused us pain in some way.' The men nodded, all except one, the one in the black and orange mask. He simply raised his hand to touch the right side of his face, where Harley knew a bullet had blown through his right eye.

'But tonight, we are going to end this monster. The man who manipulated me and nearly drove me insane, we have finally found him. It took us a year to find him, but we did it. And we all know who this man is. He's the psychopath that calls himself the Clown Prince of Crime.'

'Tonight, we are going to kill the Joker.'

A cheer rose from the crowd of men, and Harley threw her megaphone into the air, before leaping into the crowd. 'Let's go!'

Adrenaline surging, Harley's army entered the cars parked around the deserted parking lot. Harley herself went to the largest car, a sparkling, pink, 4 wheeler in which the driver already sat.

'Hurry, Harley,' said the driver, the man with the mask.

'Don't rush me, Slade. We can't screw up now.' Harley realised she was sweating. She had put everything she had into this last ditch effort to kill her former love.

'We're going. Are you ready?' asked Slade.

Harley took a deep breath. 'Yes.'

The engine rumbled to life and the car slipped out of the parking lot, seven other cars, all also bright pink, right behind it.

Harley leaned back in her seat. The drive to Joker's palace was two hours.

'I can't believe you and I are friends now,' she said, smiling slightly. 'Remember, before two years ago? I was sure you hated me.'

'I hated you because you were with Joker,' came the reply from Slade. 'Words cannot describe how much I detest him. When you came to me saying you wanted to kill him, well, I couldn't refuse.'

'When he blew your eye out,' said Harley. 'Was he on target?'

'He didn't want to kill me,' said Slade. 'The fucking psycho. All he wanted to do was damage me. Reduce my skills.'

Harley looked down. 'He really is a fucking psycho. Iâ€œ!' her voice cracked. 'I honestly can't believe I loved him. And I think, the scary thing is, if he hadn't tortured me to insanity, if he hadn't completely snapped my mind, I would still love him.' She took a breath. Slade remained silent, simply looking ahead at the dark road.

Harley looked at him. 'Slade.' He didn't look at her, but simply nodded.

'When you found me in that hospital room. Screaming. Completely broken.' This time Slade turned and looked at her.

'Why did you save me?'

For a while, he didn't respond. Harley knew he was thinking. After two years, during which Harley had spent nearly all her time with him, Harley could tell what Slade was doing without the help of facial expressions.

In fact, she had only seen him without the mask twice. The first time had been when she woke up, unaware of her surroundings, shortly after he had rescued her from the Joker's hospital two years ago, in a small room. In the corner of the room, he had sat there, watching her, making sure she didn't die in her sleep. Deathstroke. The Terminator. The second time had been a year later, after she in turn had rescued him from the cannibalistic Killer Croc. Unresponsive and after a near drowning experience, Slade has given Harley no choice but to remove his mask to restart his breathing. By that time, the pair had become a formidable duo. The first few months has been tough, with Slade nursing her back to physical health. The real challenge had been healing her broken mind. Somehow Slade had done it. Well, not quite. Something about Harley's mind was different. Where formerly, a love for Joker had taken up her mind, now there was nothing but burning hatred. A hatred which she and Slade shared. A tentative partnership had formed between the two, linked by that hatred, and eventually, the pair grew to be the most fearsome duo in Gotham. During that two year period, however, Joker had disappeared. And so, Harley and Slade began to search for him. It took the better part of a year, but finally they tracked him down to a palace in the slums of Gotham. From there, they assembled a task force, a squad to take down Joker. Handpicked, these men all had something against the Joker. Finally, that had all gathered in the abandoned parking lot, tucked away in a corner of Gotham, to prepare the assault on Joker's palace.

And now, here they were.

At last, Slade spoke. 'The reason why I saved you,' he said. 'The reason wasâ€œ was because I felt that you of all people did not

deserve to die at the hands of the Joker.'

Harley opened her mouth, then closed it. Her and Slade were close now. They even lived together. But sometimes, like now, she couldn't figure out how his mind worked.

'Get some rest,' he said.'You'll need it when we confront Joker.'

End
file.